

## A DREAM CITY.

### DAWN.

The hush of the after-midnight.  
As the footsteps wax and wane,  
Is the startled awe of a lifeless moor.  
Neath the drip-drip of the rain.  
The swell of the dawn's first traffic  
Is the moan of a rising gale.  
And the sigh of the waking sleeper is  
As the first breath in the sail.

### DAY.

The clamor of noonday stirring  
Is the echo of Nature's voice.  
Beating gray shores with her mighty flail.  
While the battling waves rejoice.  
And over the million faces—  
And none of them known to me—  
Can conjure the thought of a castaway  
On that relentless sea!

—Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times.

### DUSK.

I pass by the perfumed women  
And the flowers all breathe of dusk;  
The rustling robes stir memories  
Of the land breeze thrice in the dusk.  
The things that dance by the lamp glare  
Bring moths to my candle light.  
And the cries of the jibbering city shrill  
Like forest sounds by night!

### THE NIGHT.

But the moon on the sleeping city—  
(Hush, word that would thought con-  
fine)—  
The glory of silver'd castles rising  
Up in enchanting line!  
The paths of light at the cross streets  
Are the road where the hosts have trod,  
And the gleams of fire on the windows,  
falconed,  
Sentinels of God!

—Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times.

## ..METEK, THE PROVIDER..

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

**O**OTIMIAH chanted, "Metek, ibly peek nahme!"  
It was no alleviation to Metek's anguish that there were no human ears to hear the tormenting words, except those in the four feline igloos that broke the white level of the fore shore like snow blisters.

Shame travels on the wind, and goes one cannot tell where. The things that live in the cold blue ravines of the great bergs always hear of it when a man is nahme; the evil spirits of the cliffs and those that dwell in the caves under the ice-belt hear of it.

And when a man is thus marked, sooner or later he goes forth from the village never to return. For the mighty help only the strong. The Arctic has small use for a man who is nahme. She blots him out.

Ever since his father had been caught in his ussuk line and dragged under the floe, Metek had tried manfully to provide for his mother and baby sister. But fortune had been against him. For two months the family had lived on charity, and this during a winter of unprecedented want.

The three men of the tiny village never asked him to go hunting; with them now. They paid less attention to him than to little Tooky, still cradled in her mother's hood.

They spoke to Ootimiah, on the contrary, as one man to another, and Ootimiah was barely a year older than Metek. But Ootimiah, the lucky, had brought two seals home to the famished mouths.

Thus Metek pursued his despairing thoughts in a circle, and although they sometimes swirled up so thick and black and angry that he yearned to strike at Ootimiah with his keenest lance, he kept doggedly at his work. Every day he went forth on his vain excursions over the floe, or climbed to the ice-cap of the cliffs to inspect his fox traps.

The day came, however, when Metek turned on his tormentor.

"Silence, lump of fat!" he shouted. His eyes glittered dangerously. "Put the dogs to thy sledge and we will see who is nahme. We will come back with meat or not at all!"

Ootimiah stared at him like an apprehensive dumpling. Underneath his furs his mean little heart bounded at this surprising outbreak. He had thought that Metek was cowed by adversity.

"Ho!" he said, when he had recovered himself somewhat. "If you are so hungry I will make you eat your words. Then you will have plenty of wind in the belly, which is filling."

He laughed maliciously at his joke, but at the same time he fastened the three best dogs of his father's pack to the light sledge of pieced bone, and forced his retund person into more furs, until his coat lay upon him like the shards of an onion. Also he put under the sledge apron two strips of blubber and a frozen sea dipper, which is excellent to gnaw on. Ootimiah believed that Metek was "bluffing," but he wished to make sure of catching him.

Metek's mother merely grunted, and took a fresh grip with her bare toes on the stiff reindeer skin she was sewing when Metek bade her good-by. He crawled out through the tucks and jumped on his sledge as cheerfully as if he expected to see her again.

The sunless winter sky hung over them, and it was piercing cold; but the air was still. The granulated surface of the floe afforded the dogs a firm foothold.

Ootimiah tried to entice Metek into a race; but when the latter refused to force his team, he lolled back against the upstanders and crooned fairly to himself, thinking how he would jeer at Metek when the excursion was over.

At noon they halted for a rest. Ootimiah glaucously bolted his blubber, but Metek gave the larger part of his scanty stock of provisions to his dogs.

"Huh!" grunted Ootimiah, looking with scornful eyes at this proceeding. "You have only a woman's heart. To-morrow you will be whining for food."

"Tis not I who drags the sledge," said Metek. "A good hunter cares for his dogs first."

Ootimiah, still scornful, tucked himself snugly into the sledge and cracked his whip.

The afternoon wore on, the ice came rougher. Here and there the lead squeezed and forced up great banks of crystal; but lanes of level ice between, and the dogs went on forward.

At the rode, Ootimiah's glance swept the gray expanse. There was not a crack or a hole to be seen. The dead sound of the dogs' feet told his experienced ear that the ice had thickened. Pale spots in the dusk ahead betrayed the presence of bergs. Black and drear as it was about the igloo village, this was a region still more inhospitable.

Toward night the wind rose. Ootimiah, who was bored, began to feel cold and uneasy. He blew out his cheeks to warm them, and now and then he glanced curiously at Metek. He had not expected to find his companion so obstinate.

When they camped for the night in the lee of a hummock, Ootimiah thought it was the last half of the

game. Surely Metek would cry off in the morning. Then he, Ootimiah, would have his laugh again, and resume his insulting chant with new zest.

He did not feel like laughing now. There was a sense of something in the air that cowed him. It seemed to him, although he could not see them, that black storm-clouds were stealing in from the sea and massing overhead that the sky was setting its scenery for one of its sudden dramas.

That night the great skin that holds back the north winds burst, and it blew as if it meant to strip the world of its atmosphere. The bitter eddies and back-drafts caught at the sledges till they jerked frantically at their lance anchors, and the reindeer robes broke loose many times from under the boys' bodies.

While the wild air tore above them, underneath the sea surged in its deep bed, thrusting upward against the floe with mighty shoulders. Swift shivers ran through the ice. It groaned and boomed with the tumult of a battlefield. Now, with a noise of thunder, wide chasms opened and the white water gushed out, seething. Now, with a slow, grinding roar, a pressure ridge would lift its long rampart across the ice. But dominating all other storm sounds was the cannonade of the bergs as they hurled their thousand-ton blocks crashing upon the floe.

Poor Ootimiah prayed to the things that haunt their ravines that they would spare him. His belief in the efficiency of his prayers was not great, but they were straws, at least, at which to clutch.

The black morning found the wind still blowing a gale, and sweeping with it a veil of cutting snow. It was madness to go on in the teeth of such a storm, with no food for themselves or for the dogs.

"What shall we do?" asked the frightened Ootimiah. "Even the brown auk himself could not face such weather."

"We will go on," said Metek, tranquilly, and he threw out the long whiplash. Its report was lost in the roar of the wind.

Dimly Ootimiah began to perceive the presence of a master spirit. This Metek, younger than himself, whom he had called nahme, had set his teeth in a purpose, and neither cold nor hunger nor the dark wings of death itself would cause him to relax his hold.

The mere inkling of such tenacity alarmed flabbily little Ootimiah almost as much as the riot of the elements. The blue and white fox-skin jumper—even the waving fox-tail which Metek held between his teeth to protect his face from the wind—assumed an uncannily unfamiliar aspect. This was not the Metek he had known, this squat, silent thing that made him feel more alone than he had ever felt when hunting by himself far out on the floe.

Fear swelled in his heart, and he urged his dogs forward till they ran as one team with Metek's. "Come back!" he shouted through the roar of wind and ice.

Metek turned his head. The rim of his hood was feathered thick with frost, and his eyes shone like crumbs of new ice. Silently he stretched a mittened hand toward the north.

From the lofty cliffs inland a sudden great sound greeted them. It rolled, majestic, over their heads, and died gradually away far to the eastward.

"Tis the auk thing!" shouted Metek. "He is calling to his children. Onward!"

Ootimiah had heard of the colossal genius of the walrus tribe that lives on the tops of bare and beetling cliffs. He had no desire to make his acquaintance. "Die if you wish!" he called, shrilly, to Metek. "I am going back. There is nothing here but ice-devils and that beast thing that bewitches men."

He swung his dogs about, and they came willingly. As they straightened out on the homeward road, he cast a last look at the squat, purposeful bear in the foxskin jumper. Then the darkness blotted it out.

The auk thing did not speak again, but Metek knew that he was there, watching him with friendly eyes. He was sure the creature was beneficent when presently the confusing snow ceased to fall. In the darkness he could feel now the clear arch of the frozen sky, a vast bubble of black steel under which the laboring ice ran, changing.

The hunters never left the igloos when the floe was squeezing, but Metek was not afraid. He had only one thought—to redeem himself and bring back meat to his starving people.

On he drove, his gaze fixed on the pale outlines of a vast berg, which seemed to stretch an impregnable barrier across his path. As he drew nearer he heard the sinister chant of the wind moaning through its sharp notches. And all at once his ear caught a gruff, explosive, puffing sound.

Rising to his knees, he looked forward. A long, dark discoloration lay at the foot of the berg. It was fresh black ice making over a recent break in the floe. With a shout he let out his long whip-lash.

Metek drove as near as he dared,

and tethered the dogs to a projection of the floe. Then he gathered up his weapons and went on, crouching, to the discolored area.  
It was never that he had thought, and bent like stiff leather under his feet; but he knew its toughness, and glided rapidly forward toward the jagged hole which the game had just left.

Presently the spot of open water was agitated. It darkened, and then the broad, bristled muzzle and white tusks of a great bull auk appeared. The big, circular eyes fixed themselves upon Metek in a wide stare of surprise. Metek slowly raised his left arm and pointed at the walrus, who, full of curiosity, reared his huge bulk above the water. When the pale spot beneath his left flipper was visible, Metek's right arm shot forward, and the harpoon flew true to its mark.

The bull dove with a spluttering roar. Metek darted back with the end of the line, and swiftly drove into the ice the iron-pointed stake to which it was fastened. Then, with both feet, he stood upon the line, close to the little stake.

The tough strip of sealskin straightened with a jerk, and lay taut as a bowstring; but the ingenious anchor held. Metek watched it with a keen and anxious eye. The moment he saw the strain relax, he plucked up the stake and carried it to a new spot some yards away.

He was none too quick. Two furious cows rose just beneath the stand he had left, shattering the ice to bits. To their bellows of wrath Metek responded with a mocking shout; but for the bull he reserved a sharper welcome.

Lance in hand, he met the auk as it rose in a smother of effervescing water, and as it strove to charge at him through the ice, breaking off great tables with its tusks, he darted swiftly about, in front of the beast. With every forward leap he thrust the keen, beam-shaped blade deep into the unwieldy body, until the water turned red.

Spent and badly wounded, the walrus sank at last, and Metek sprang again to his stake.

Five times he shifted his ground, and five times the belligerent cows broke through the ice almost under his feet. But luck was with him. Wet with salt spray and blood, he rejoiced in the fight.

"Am-nayah! Am-nayah!" he shouted. "Meat for the mother and the babe within the hood! Meat for the strong hunter! Meat from the hand of Metek nahme!"

The ice spit upward and almost let him fall on the fat, wrinkled, nape of one of the cows. By a miracle of agility he lanced her deep behind the shoulder and got away. Almost simultaneously the bull rose, and he found himself between the two, the water gushing up about his ankles.

Metek struck the bull across the face, blinding him for the moment, and ran over the strip of bending ice toward a lighter, firmer patch. On this he stopped with an agile turn.

The cow seemed hit in some vital part, for she spun in an aimless circle on her broad belly; but the bull was still full of fight.

As the vicious creature charged through the ice Metek struck twice with a true aim. The auk gave a last bellow, slipped back, and floated, a bloated brown island, among the rocking ice cakes.

Metek could hardly restrain himself from leaping upon it and cutting off a long-needed strip of blubber; but it was not his own mouth he had come to fill. While there was a chance to secure more meat he must think neither of hunger nor of weariness.

Almost exhausted, he staggered back to the cow, and delivered a final lance-thrust that despatched her. Then with his knife he made incisions in the two-inch-thick skin of his prizes and tethered them to stakes by means of a pair of ussuk lines.

After that three dogs and a tired but happy Eskimo had a glorious feast. So royally did they stuff themselves that for two hours not one of the four could move a foot. Like noble Romans, they reclined rotundly upon their table and sent up sighs of repletion and thanksgiving, while the auk thing brooded benignly over them from his stronghold.

Packed at last between the hot chunks of walrus fat, Metek swung his whip over the dogs, and his homeward run began.

Well paid he felt for his pains. He saw the hungry mouths of his people once more luxuriously besmeared with grease. And the boasting Ootimiah! Where was he? Twenty-five hundred pounds of rich walrus flesh against two stringy little seals! Who could cry nahme now?

"Ho!" sang Metek. "The hunter returns. Hunger dies before him. The auk lies behind his sledge. Red meat and white fat. Ho! Who will eat? Metek, the provider, returns!"—Youth's Companion.

### America and Rome.

With idleness and luxury went the usual tendency to brutality and demoralization. The historical novel was not invented; so that Roman ladies and gentlemen could not sit by the fire of an evening and read highly-spiced narratives of murder and torture. But, after all, the incidents of the arena, though less varied, were perhaps even more poignant than Mr. Kipling or Mr. Jack London. Social morals, too, were of a quality which seems only too apt to accompany the highest civilization. Divorce was almost as easily obtained as in some of our Western States, and nearly as common. Cicero, for instance, was separated from two wives; yet he was universally regarded as of stainless character, and that he was wise is shown by his remarking, when urged to marry a third time, that "it is difficult for a man to devote himself at once to a wife and to philosophy."—Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in the Atlantic.

### Cat Had the Toothache.

N. C. Yost, cashier of the Markie Bank, Hazleton, is the owner of a handsome pet cat, which in the past few days gave indications of suffering from toothache.

Mr. Yost, who received the cat from a friend in the West, objected to having it killed, and summoned a veterinary surgeon. The veterinarian found that the cat was suffering from toothache. He extracted three bad teeth, and pussy is now purring in contentment.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—The loose coat is always a favorite one with many women and suits some figures better than any other sort, in addition to



back teeth slightly set together—keeping the mouth open accompanies stooping—the chin gains decision, the upper lip shortens and really the nose is straightened.

### Lingerie Blouses to Stay.

It is decreed that lingerie blouses are to be worn until winter, and more than possibly throughout cold weather. For the latter they are to be furnished with plain India silk underslips that will serve as linings, making them warm enough for the house and for the streets when fur jackets are worn.

### Full Boret Crown.

A toque with a full boret crown is built up of a deep mordore brown velvet and trimmed with wings of a copper hue set outside the brim at the back and on the left side. Both these toques are raised at the back on a narrow bandeau concealed by bows of ribbon.—Millinery Trade Review.

### Small Turbans.

Small turbans still show the wide top and the box brim; but differing, are turbans with medium-wide square crowns, and brims projecting flatly about one-and-a-half inches, and then turned up squarely to the height of the crown—in some models, rounded, and in others pointed, at the front.

### Half Arrangement.

Less impudence is given to the cachepeigne than in the late summer models, and we are inclined to think that the fashion of piling up the hair very high on the top of the head will help to bring about a still further change in this respect.—Millinery Trade Review.

### Five Gored Skirt.

Every variation of the pleated skirt is greatly in vogue and each new one seems more attractive than the last. Here is one of the latest of all models that is made with a kilted



Eton Jacket, 32 to 40 Bust.

and is finished at the neck with the regulation collar and lapels. The closing is made invisibly by means of button-holes in a fly, and the sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that are full at the shoulders and plain at the wrists, where they are finished with the roll-over cuffs that are very generally becoming. When liked the collar can be of velvet, but there is a peculiar smartness found in the use of one material throughout.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-eighth yards twenty-seven, two and three-quarter yards forty-four or two and one-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide.

### Secret of Style.

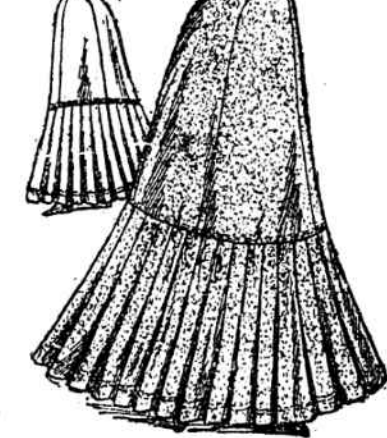
A girl sees a pretty fashion plate. She has it copied by a good dressmaker. The dress is put on, it is good and expensive, but where is the style? The wearer is young; she has a pretty face. What is it that makes her look ordinary, commonplace? She stoops. Another girl has an inexpensive dress. She has such a look of thoroughbred that if she speaks people listen. At each turn of her head one sees a new beauty in her face. Wherever she moves our eyes follow her. What is it that makes all she wears look well? It is the true dignity and ease of her carriage.

Without a good carriage a pretty face is thrown away, the most perfect dress cutting and fitting are thrown away, even refinement of manner is hidden under a bushel. To carry herself well is almost the only personal distinction left to a woman. It positively alters her features. With the head erect the chest expanded and the

bounce and plain upper portion and which will be found especially satisfactory for wear under the long coats, although it is desirable for every use of the season. As illustrated, the material is light weight cheviot stitched with belting silk, but all the skirtings and all the linings that are not too heavy to be pleated successfully are appropriate. In addition to serving for the coat suit and for the separate skirt, it will be found a most desirable model for the simpler entire gowns for indoor wear, so that it covers nearly every possible use.

The skirt is cut in five gores that are darts smoothly and are laid in inverted pleats at the back with the flounce that is kilted and joined to the lower edge.

The quantity of material required



for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven, four and a half yards forty-four, or four yards fifty-two inches wide.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

An important item in the extension of the work of the Bureau of Chemistry has been the establishment of inspection for imported food products. As a result food products imported to this country have been greatly improved. In former years the United States was regarded as the dumping ground for the refuse teas of the commerce of the world. Many years ago, in order to overcome this evil, a system of inspection of imported teas was established and has since been maintained.

The comparatively rare instances in which the motions of plants, such as the opening of buds into blossoms, occur with sufficient rapidity to be observed during a single brief period of watching, always cause much pleasure to the onlooker. Mrs. Henry Cooper Eggar, in her description of an Indian garden, tells of a species of lily, Crinum augustum, which opens with uncommon swiftness, so that she thinks it would be an admirable subject for representation by kinetoscopic photography.

Bronze or metallic powders are produced by M. Baer by a novel method that has been patented in France. The melted metal or alloy is run through a slit into a sheet iron box or cylinder in which a shaft with paddles is rapidly revolved, or into a chamber into which compressed air is suitably injected. The violent movement of the air converts the metallic rain into thin leaves by the time it solidifies. The thin leaves may be reduced to powder by beating, grinding or other means.

The ancestors of the horse were accustomed to roam over the plains, where every tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting to spring upon them. Under these circumstances they must often have saved their lives by starting quickly back or jumping to one side when they came without warning upon some strange object. This is a habit which has not left the animal, even after long years of domestication. On the other hand, the donkey is descended from animals which lived among the hills, where there were precipices and dangerous declivities, and from these conditions resulted his slowness and sure-footedness.

Chestnuts suffer more from the ravages of insects than almost any other kind of nuts. Butternuts, walnuts and almonds are comparatively immune. The reason why worms are so often found in apparently perfect chestnuts long after they have reached the market is thus explained: The larvae of the chestnut weevil develop with the nuts, but they are not all of the same age. Those which first reach maturity, bore their way out, and enter the ground about the time that the nuts fall; but others remain for several weeks in the nuts after they have been gathered, and these are the ones that furnish a disagreeable surprise when the shell is broken.

### AUTOMATIC SERVICE

Will Relieve the Hostess of Terror of Striking Servants.

A clever young inventor, living in Germantown, who has often been the victim of the incompetency and inconstancy of his wife's servants, has been contemplating a device which he says will enable his wife to serve a course dinner without going into the kitchen, even if the servant has quit at the crucial moment.

His scheme is to have an underground trolley from the kitchen, with an attachment to a wide wooden gutterlarge enough to hold every size of serving dish, and presumably steam-heated, so that soups, vegetables and entrees will not grow cold in the process. When the hostess and her guests are seated she needs only to touch an invisible button and the soup tureen will soon precipitate itself on the table; another manipulation, and the soup will disappear; still another, and the roasts and vegetables will come steaming to their place at the table, and so on until the complete dinner has been served, up to the very last dish of salted almonds and demi-tasse.—Philadelphia Record.

### He Knew Enough.

James Francis Burke, now Congressman from the Thirty-second District of Pennsylvania, in an address to the graduating class of a Pittsburg school, told the following story:

"The president of an ocean liner company was taking a journey across the water, and when the ship entered a very dangerous channel, he engaged in a conversation with the pilot, who, by the way, was a whiskered old man of sixty-eight, with all the appearance of having spent most of his days on the water. The magnate remarked:

"I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel?"

"The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied: 'Nope.'"

"You don't!" said the magnate, very much surprised. "Then why on earth are you in charge of that wheel? What do you know?"

"I know where the bad places ain't," coolly replied the old pilot, moist to the satisfaction of the magnate."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Parrot Hurt Trade.

"I just bought this parrot from a butcher," said the sailor. "It's a rare sort—a gold beak. I got it at a bargain, too—a dollar. The butcher had paid \$6 for it. But it seems the man what sold it to him was a practical joker. He had known the parrot was to ornament a butcher shop, and he taught it to say the worst thing possible for such a locality."

"This here parrot didn't last long, for from his perch above the butcher's scales he kept 'a-singin' out in a sarcastic voice:

"'Lovely meat. Don't tell the lady what it weighs. Just tell her what it comes to.'—New York Press.

According to a recent report coal mining has been commenced on the west coast of Switzerland.

## With the Funny Fellows



### The Ill Wind.

When a cyclone struck the place Gentle Jane was whirled through space. "It's all right," said Jane. "I know; but it was an awful blow!"—Sunday Magazine.

### Different.

He—"I feel like a 'two-year-old'." She—"Home, or, 'popular song'?"—Town Topics.

### The Only Way.

Smythe—"Johnson says his wife never disobeys him." Brown—"No. He never gives her any orders."—Somerville Journal.

### Good Heavens!

"They say she married him for his money."

"Yes. And now they are so poor that she has to press his trousers." "Alas! A real case of the irony of fate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Regularly.

"Has young Plunger any holdings in the Skadmore stocks?" "Holdings? Well, I guess! He goes three or four times every week to see old Skadmore's daughter."—Chicago Tribune.

### But.

"Yes," remarked the race horse, "all my achievements have been due simply to putting my best foot forward."

"Yes?" replied the mule: "now I find that I accomplish most by putting my best foot backward!"—Philadelphia Press.

### Jealousy.

"What's Barnstorm doing these days?" inquired Yorick Hamm.

"He's murdering Julius Caesar every night," replied Hamlet Fatt.

"Playing Brutus?"

"No; playing Caesar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Why the Major Was Angry.

"What's the Major howling about?"

"Well, this being a holiday, he's got to carve the turkey."

"And did that upset him?"

"Yes; somebody stole the turkey."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Up to Father.

"Here, Willie!" cried the boy's father, "you mustn't behave that way. Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?"

"I suppose," replied Willie, "it's a big glutton's little boy."—Philadelphia Press.

### Trouble.

